Choream monstra

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/4644159.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	F/F, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger, Other side romances
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Margot Verger, Mason Verger, Jack Crawford, Bella Crawford, Abigail Hobbs, Ravenstag - Character
Additional Tags:	Vampire! Hannibal, Canon-Typical Violence, Cannibalism, Slight OOC, Wendigo Will Graham, Cannibal Puns, People getting torn appart, Will's inevitable bout of insanity, top!Hannibal, Bottom!Will, Topping from the Bottom, sex later, Slow Build
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2015-08-24 Updated: 2015-11-21 Words: 7,341 Chapters: 6/?

Choream monstra

by x_Music_Of_The_Night_x

Summary

It starts with a truck crash and the driver ripped in half. No one can figure out who or what did it, and Jack Crawford's patience is running thin. The world is partially integrated with Vampires yet the humans still don't know. The Vampires don't burn but the murders some commit are real. There are few groups humans who know and the FBI is one of those groups. Will is inhuman and he knows of the world just as Jack Crawford does. He lives in the woods and hides away from humanity, killing any human who dared cross through his forest. No one knows he's there. He is a supposed pack of wolves and now that everyone was staying away... Will was starving. This is how it starts.

Updated: 11/21/15

Notes

I'm starting way too may fics, forgive me.

A monstra occursum

Jack being angry was an understatement. The moment he got into the office, he slammed his palms down on his desk. Three murders in the past two weeks, at this rate who ever was doing it might start doing it every day. It was a bloody scene he had yet to calm himself enough to go see. Katz and Zeller were already there and taking pictures. They had lost what ever lead they had. Two killings in a week, both were of the same style. Savage. But any chance of predicting this killers movement was dashed to pieces. The first murder was of two young girls in a cabin in the woods. The second was a man arriving at home from a bar, he was found dead outside his vehicle. And the third was a fat truck driver, also drunk. All ripped in half, only identified by their dental records.

Hannibal, a psychiatrist who worked close with Jack. He helped profile killers even and helped Jack catch most of them. All except for one... Himself. He was shunned by his own 'community'. Being a vampire working close with humans had it's guide lines, but that's just what they were, guide lines. He grinned each time Jack just knew it was a vampire, just not the one standing right next to him.

Hannibal was called to the scene just before Jack got there. He pulled up and the moment he stepped out of the car there was the scent of alcohol mixed with day old blood, dried and stale. Then, there was a scent he didn't recognize. The scent of wood and oddly, the color black. Bitter yet sweet. The killer? Hannibal had spoken to Jack, but he wasn't really listening now. He was scenting the air. The scent stayed even though the wind blew into the woods, which would wash away any scent left unless... who ever did this lived in the woods, or rather what ever did this.

He walked deep into the woods, finding marked trees where claws had ripped away the bark. Jack followed, though he couldn't see what Hannibal saw and the vampire was not about to tell him now that he was interested. What ever it was, it did this consciously. He told Jack that the killer would not kill here again, a lie. This is where it resided, where is slept, ate, lived. Markings on the trees that Jack didn't see were warnings, not to humans but those of a supernatural nature. Hannibal couldn't wait to find out what it really was. Jack drove him back to his office with out asking many questions, coming to the conclusion that Hannibal couldn't know anything. Hannibal couldn't be more content. Though he would have to leave tonight, maybe he could find another victim, not for the killer but for himself.

It was 2 AM, his name was Will and he was in Wolftrap, Virginia. The only reason he knew the time was because the second guy he ate had a nice shiny watch. He liked the shiny things they had. He had collected two necklaces, ringlets, earrings, a watch and a bill fold from his most resent feasts. His ears twitch at the sound of crunching leaves near his property. Two sets. There weren't usually two. A couple would wander in and Will would get more meat and usually more things to add to his collection. Will left his shack, which was an old home

in the middle of the woods, flocked with stray dogs of all sorts. Mutts and purebreds alike, all well fed.

Will approaches the footsteps from the shadows. A man and a young woman. The woman reeked of alcohol, the scent burned his nose. He had already eaten two drunks and they were both disgusting men. Alcohol didn't ruin the taste but with the men, their intestines were soaked with it and that's what made it horrible. She giggled and clung to the older man's arm, leaning on him and hiccuping. The man on the other hand, smelled of expensive cologne and blood. Which confused the Windigo to say the least. He held a fake smile, something so obvious that even Will could tell.

Deeper and deeper they went into the woods, nearly following his marks too perfectly. He'd have to be rid of them soon, if he didn't kill them, they'd take it as an invitation to come back.

The woman trips and falls and Will takes his chance. She slips from the man's arm and he doesn't turn around quick enough. Will grabs her before she even hits the ground. She doesn't know what hit her and the moment she sees his eyes and goes to scream, he rips out her vocal chords. They aren't very tasty having been soaked in colorful drinks, something sweet. Not what Will liked.

The man who smelled of blood turned to look down on her but found no woman, only the fluttering of leaves and the heavy set of hoof prints that Will left everywhere he walked. He didn't look shocked at all, more pleased than anything, as if he had thrown bait and Will had taken it. And Will cannot bring himself to gorge on the woman just yet, but to observe. This was odd, even for him.

"I thought you might take that offering." The man who smelled of blood says, his tone loud, making sure Will could hear him no doubt. "Though you have robbed me of my meal."

And Will doesn't know what this man is. Is he like him? No... not possible, Will would have seen right through the glamour, the shadow cast by windigos to pass as human for a short time. He would have seen this man's true face. But as it stood, this man looked human... well, human enough. Maroon eyes put Will off. But there as no avoiding confrontation if this man knew of him.

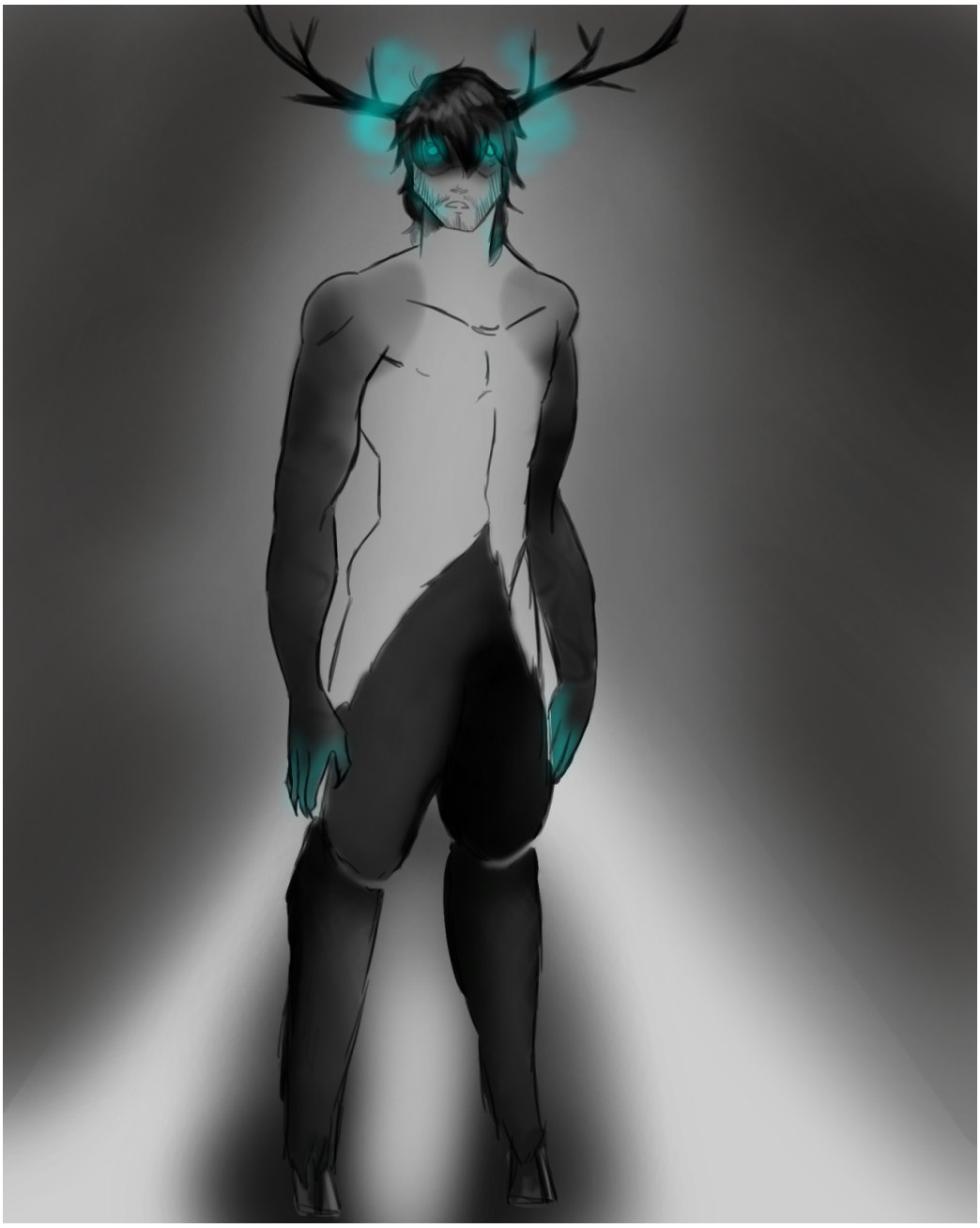
"If you haven't filled yourself on her, I'd like her back." The man says. Will drags the body with him out of the shadows, standing two full heads taller than the man with maroon eyes. The man's smile only grows. Will slouches to the man's height and comes no closer than ten feet. He drops the woman with a sickly thud on the dry ground, she's still gurgling, though not alive. "What are you?" the man asks.

"What are *you*?" Will turns the phrase, his own curiosity forcing him to speak. He hates the smile that this man was giving him. Will wanted fear, he wanted him to be afraid and yet... this man was pleased. Pleased that Will had claimed the victim, pleased that he had spoken, pleased that he had arrived out of the shadows.

"I am many things." the man with maroon eyes replies.

"That's impossible." Will replies.

The windigo's voice is warped, much like many voices at once, though a sweet shy one spoke over them all. His breathing was fluctuating, and his exhales near growls. Dark hair hung in his eyes and down his neck and horns much like stags jutted out from just above where his ears were. The skin from his arms to his shoulders was a black that faded into the pale tone of human flesh. His legs were covered in feathered and formed inhumanly, like that of a deer.



"How so?" the man asks.

"You can only be one thing. You can have a name, but only be--"

"I am Hannibal." The man interjects. Will doesn't like being interrupted. He takes a few heavy steps forward and looks down on Hannibal.

"She was your meal..." Will snorts through his nose, indicating slight amusement. "Hannibal the Cannibal."

Hannibal feels a twinge of anger from the name, but does not hold onto it. He looks just behind will where her body lay. "Now that I've told you my name, you must tell me yours."

"Quid pro quo." The windigo huffs and there is a long pause before the inhuman begrudgingly gives his name. "I am Will."

Verse monstrorum

Hannibal stared at this creature in front of him. It had an angular face and bright blue eyes shined through the long hair that hung in front of his eyes. The fur that covered his legs was not fur but feathers, small and large jutting out, ungroomed. Scars littered his body from his thighs to his neck, though none covered his face. "Well, Will... what are you?" The vampire asks. The monster looks more than just skeptical, he was ready to tear Hannibal in half, though the fact that Hannibal had confessed that he wished to eat the woman which added confusion to Will's face.

"I am a windigo." Will replies and Hannibal recognizes the word.

"That explains your height." Hannibal smirks.

"And the eating people." Will's tone grew dark, his warped voice giving the sound of malice, it sent shivers down Hannibal and excited him.

"I have a proposal for you, Will." The vampire hums and the windigo tilts his head, never having heard or been offered something before. "If you would give her back, I could make

you a meal like you've never had before."

Will takes a few heavy steps forward and their height difference was now very evident. The windigo slouches and Hannibal can now get a clear look at his face. "I doubt it, *Hannibal*." Will growls, "Only if you could find the perfect untouched human. And from how you smell... you're not."

"I won't take offense from that, because you are right. I am far from clean." He grins, "But I could... salvage her in a way and make her the best meal you've had since you acquired that form." Will snorts at Hannibal's words. He had not intentionally 'acquired' his form. The corner's of his lips twitched up into an awkward amused grin. Will accepts to offer on the fact that this was the most interesting thing that had ever happened to him.

"If she isn't, I'll just eat you." Will growls then moves to pick up the dead human by her hair. "Take her or... part of her. I will follow soon." Will grunts and drops her at Hannibal's feet. His stomach growls at the loss of a meal but if this went badly, Will would have two meals and would not have to eat for another week.

Hannibal had taken what he had needed and decided to leave the rest for Will if the windigo actually wanted such a spoiled woman. He hadn't made it anything special but still up to his tastes, Will would probably scarf what ever he had made down but that could be changed, Will could be taught many things, manners were a possibility.

A knock at his door startled Hannibal. He washes his hands and finishes cooking. When he opens the door, he's met with a younger man, shorter than himself with black curls that hung just above bright blue eyes, ones that Hannibal could recognize. He wore a worn plaid shirt and jeans, taken from a victim no doubt. "Hello, Will."

"Hello, Hannibal." Will greets him, his voice had changed along with his appearance. Hannibal stepped aside and Will walked in after him, exploring without asking. "So this is where you humans live... much nicer than where I shack." Will hums and manages to find the kitchen by scent alone.

"You... tracked me, correct?" Hannibal walked just behind him, examining his body shape, thin but muscular.

"Yes... your scent is... well, it stands out." The windigo in disguise replies and looks over the counter tops, obviously hungry. His shoulders tightened and his patience was obviously running thin. Hannibal's scent makes Will hungry.

A loud buzz of the oven startles Will and he takes a few quick steps backward, it amuses Hannibal. He takes the meat from the oven and Will is immediately looking over Hannibal's shoulder and the vampire can hear Will sniffing him and the food. Will isn't one to know of personal space and his pressing against Hannibal's back, leaning on him.

"Will, if you want to eat... I would like to bring this to the table."

He can feel Will frown as he steps back and walks out of the kitchen, he wants to eat now. The moment Hannibal sets the meat down on the table, he is unable to present it at the fact that the Windigo is gorging himself on the meal. His shoulders relax and he's too involved in the food to pay attention to Hannibal. The vampire takes his own portion just as Will tries to take it as well. Hannibal tuts and Will glares, looking up from his plate.

"Though I know my cooking is good, take care to leave some to me or I might just eat *you*." Hannibal warns.

Will snorts and eats what ever is left, this includes the bone which cracks in half at what seemed like the lightest bite from Will. The dinner ends with Will cleanings his plate and eating the bone that is left over. Hannibal picks up the plates and Will sits there in silence, almost as if he's disappointed.

"No good?" Hannibal asks.

"It was good." Will replies quickly the lets out a small laugh. "I was hoping it wouldn't be so I could eat you, but I keep promises... And I'm not sure I can go back to eating raw."

Hannibal raises a brown and grins, satisfied. "I can help with that, though I would have to accommodate to your... portions."

"If you knew of my kind then why invite me if you're only going to make fun of my appetite?" Will grunts. He doesn't want to leave this place, it' comfortable, cool, everything seemed cushioned, soft. And Hannibal could see it. "Will." Hannibal hums, "Would you like to stay?" He asks.

Will turns his head all too quickly and stares at the vampire, shocked and almost as if he wanted to hear it but only expected to be kicked out. He doesn't reply and Hannibal walks out to clean everything up.

He walks back in, seeing Will was gone from his seat. The windigo was now exploring further into the home, finding the study he used as his office for therapy. His drawings pilled in Will's lap as he flipped through them. He had changed back to his form, feathered legs stretched out in front of him. Though Will set things neatly back in their place and nearly dropped everything when he smelled Hannibal. He ends up spilling ink on himself which sobs into the feathers on his legs and smears over his skin. He roars in frustration and in fear that he may have ruined some of Hannibal's nice drawings. He hadn't since his feathers took on most of the ink.

He gets up and turns to Hannibal quickly. He's not going to apologize but the look on his face was enough for Hannibal to forgive him. Nothing had gotten on the floor and Hannibal was not about to let it. "Bath, now." He says and takes Will's thick wrist and leads him from the office to a large bathroom where the tub was much to big for a human but just the right size for Will, oddly enough. "Get in, please."

Will has no grip in the tub once he steps in and he drops to his knees with a loud thud. Even Hannibal winces at the sound. He runs the water and the moment Hannibal grabs the small

shower head, Will is like a cat in a bath, though with no grip except for his hands he can't do anything but take it. He's groaning the whole time. The moment the water hit the feathers on his legs, black, brown, and grains of dirt washed from him. Hannibal wasn't even sure Will knew he was this dirty until now. Will finally resigned to the fact that he was being bathed and when the water stopped running black Hannibal left Will alone to find a few towels. Will sat there, dripping wet. He manages to drag himself out of the tub and change into a more comfortable form. He was freezing now, soaked through his coat.

Hannibal comes back to a large stag, twice his size and horns that could pierce flesh easily, fur covered it's body and feathers flowed over it's neck and legs. "Will...?" Hannibal asks. He had never seen a windigo and he hadn't expected this to be something it could ever do. The stag lifts it's head and stares at Hannibal, it hisses out a reply, confirming that it was indeed him. Hannibal hadn't brought near enough towels to dry such a large creature. It stood and with the sound of cracking bones, Will looked the way he had before, sitting on the floor and trying to dry himself without a towel, which was not working.

His teeth were chattering and Will looked adorable, vulnerable. Hannibal kneels and starts to dry will's hair while he lats the windigo dry his legs. They leave the bathroom and Hannibal soon realizes that Will was walking from carpet to carpet, avoiding tile and wood. The obvious fear of slipping in his face.

"You don't shed do you?" Hannibal asks.

"I'm a windigo, not an animal." Will growls.

Modicum dormitabis monstris

Chapter Notes

I apologize for such a short chapter!!!

Will refuses grooming of any sort though he's shedding from the bath, leaving trails of black feathers behind him, each were not as dark as Hannibal had imagined. They shone blue in bright light, before, they were dulled by dirt and improper grooming. He twirled the feather between his fingers. Will just walked through the house and Hannibal followed. Will found the living room and once he found a comfortable spot, which was directly in the middle of the floor, he dropped to sit.

"One would winder if you've ever been in a human home, Will..." Hannibal starts. Will cuts him off.

"I have not. Not in a very long time." The Wendigo grunts. Though it had become a habit for Hannibal to pry, to break down walls, he stops himself. Despite having thought he gained Will's trust, the Wendigo kept glancing at Hannibal as if the Vampire would jump on him.

"Not very fond of eye contact, are we?" Hannibal asks.

Will snorts, "No. Too much or too little to see. Too distracting. It humanizes the prey." He slouches and plays with his own feather. "You think 'Who am I killing? Is that a burst vessel? Are those whites really white?'"

Hannibal grins, Will was trying to make a joke and with the way he stuttered with his words. It was cute.

Despite Hannibal's offers, Will sleeps in the living room and despite the large couch behind him he still insists that he would take up too much space. Though from how Will looked now, barely reaching 8 feet tall, Will could fit on the couch, built for three people. Hannibal leaves Will around 2 AM even though his earliest appointment was at 9 AM. Will had begun dozing off though. With vampires being the creatures that are, they still got tired, though the internal clock was forever messed up. They were tired from morning to noon and energized at the sight of stars. To keep up the pretense of being human, Hannibal went to sleep... or tried to at a later time, still before the sun came up.

He leaved Will, who is leaning back against the couch, his eyes closed, and his head lulled back. His horns protruded in a way that he could lay on his stomach or back easily. Will's tiredness gives Hannibal the ability to learn more about the Wendigo after all, people are more truthful when tired.

"How did you become a Wedigo, Will?" Hannibal asks.

"It's nothing like becoming a vampire if that is what you're asking." Will replies.

"How so?"

And it's as if Will goes into a trance, remembering. "It's slow, you don't know at first..." He starts at a whisper. He swallows loudly and the view and Will's neck sidetracks Hannibal for a split second. "You eat and it tastes normal, better even. You don't notice the wide grin on the butchers face as he hands off packages." Will seems despondent, as if he's not even talking about himself anymore.

"Then you crave it more and more, and more people disappear but you're so hungry you don't even notice. Eventually you have blackouts, each time finding yourself that much further from your home. You end up in a place you don't know and you try to wake up because nothing feels right, you're too hungry, you want more. You go to wash the black from your hands and you see yourself.... I wasn't me anymore." Will's voice cracks and he lets out a shuddering breath as he finished. It seemed so long ago now... it was long ago.

"I take it you did not have a choice in the matter." Hannibal says as he comes to the conclusion. The Wendigo sighs, emotionally exhausted.

"Did *you* have a choice?" Will asks. When Hannibal doesn't reply, Will knows he touched a sore subject. "I'll take that as a no... Now we have something in common." He sighs. He hears Hannibal stand up.

"Goodnight, Will."

"Good morning, Hannibal."

Hannibal wakes the next morning to the blaring of his alarm clock only a few hours before his first patient of the day, maybe he should cancel with how tired he was. He walks from his bedroom, not bothering to dress as he normally did in a suit. He would have laid it out the night before if he had wanted to work.

He arrives in the living room to the sight of the ravenstag once again. He sits down on the couch, inches from the large stag on the floor. He reaches down hoping not to wake it. He runs his fingers through the feathery soft coat. Oddly enough, it starts to purr, it lifts it's heavy head, slitted eyes glowing a soft blue. It lets out a sound similar to the sound of a tiger. Hannibal withdraws his hand with a silent apology. The stag shifts it's body and lays it's head in Hannibal's lap, nuzzling his thigh.

"Not quite the morning person?" Hannibal asks. The stag shifts, making sickening sounds as it shrunk into a half man again. His head still in the vampire's lap and his arms wrapped loosely around his waist.

"No." Will grunts in reply. Hannibal smooths a hand through the Wendigo's soft curls.

"I would expect not, given how we are --"

Hannibal is caught off guard at the heavy knocking at his front door. Will grunts again and slips from Hannibal's lap. "It's a human, a large one." Will mutters then starts to make his way to a bed room or bathroom to hide himself away. "Don't take too long or I'll eat your shoes, they are leather... I'm hungry now."

"Don't you dare." Hannibal stands and makes his way to his door when he can no longer hear the click of hooves on the floor.

He opens the door to see Jack, who is angry, fuming even. "There's been another killing. This time they didn't rip out the organs."

Hannibal knew all too well, after all... he was the only witness. "Pray tell, Jack. What did they do?"

"A bone saw was used after her larynx was ripped out... this is out of character."

"Indeed it is, Jack. Indeed it is."

Monstrum vulneratus

Chapter Notes

> Again, sorry for such a short chapter. I've been writing them away from the computer and they look and feel a lot longer on paper.

Hannibal has to keep up the pretense that he was not harboring the killer, right in his own bedroom. "Please, come in Jack." Hannibal ends up making breakfast, a protein scramble with actual pork sausage, though the casing was made from a recent victim, an accountant who thought it was funny to 'lose' paper work and make clients go through the grueling process again. Hannibal's lips twitched as he remembered the delightful screams. He barely realizes Jack is talking.

"It's nothing like the ripper, they're savage." Jack grunts as he sips his coffee. Hannibal just nods. Even though Will's kills were anything but artful, the Wendigo was a work of art himself. Blood smeared down his mouth and chest, black in the moonlight.

"The killer isn't human, maybe newly turned?" Hannibal suggests.

"Don't they usually drain their victims before tearing them in half? No, this is completely different." Jack replies and pushes his now empty plate away.

"Then I don't know what to tell you, Jack." Hannibal feigns sympathy. "I don not know of any other creature can do this. Wolves...Werewolves?"

"They eat hearts Hannibal, not entire organ systems." Hannibal hears behind him. He hadn't heard bare feet pad into the kitchen behind him. Jack's eyes go wide. The vampire turns quickly to see Will in human form, borrowing one of his shirts and a pair of pajama pants that hung loosely on his hips. Jack sits back in his seat, staring at the young man. "Is he--"

"I'm human." Will lies through his teeth and takes up all of the left overs from breakfast, gorging himself. "I just know these things." He mutters with a mouth full.

"I thought you were going to wait, Will." Hannibal mutters.

"You took too long." Will replies. Hannibal tilts his head, giving a look that if Will had touched the shoes, he just might kill.

"I should leave." Jack interrupts, "But...Will, if you know something we don't..." Jack slid a card across the counter. Will leaves the card where it lays while Hannibal shows Jack out.

Hannibal comes back to the half-man he recognized easily. Will continues eat, mostly picking around the eggs and eating the meat. Hannibal can see the knowing look in Will's eyes that he recognized the taste of Human. His face was flushed a healthy pink and the unconscious grunts, showing that he was loving it. Will drinks the cold coffee that Jack had left on the counter, an oddly human motion. "You did not touch my shoes, did you?" The Vampire asks.

"No. Leather is too dry, cow leather is bitter, tasteless. It might be pretty but not at all... tasty." The Wendigo and pushes the plate back, piling it with Jack's.

"Then your preferred taste is..."

"Human..." Will says as if Hannibal didn't know already. "Maybe you should read up on your monsters." The Wendigo snorts and gets up. He starts heady toward the front door. "I need to leave... they're too close to my home, I'm bound to get a good meal with the hunters there." He muttered.

"If you want, Will... this house is open to you. I'd love to have you for dinner."

The corner's of Will's mouth twitch, catching what he may have meant. Without so much as a goodbye, he leaves with the heavy clicks of hooves on hard wood to the soft pad of bare feet on concrete as he walked down the street, going back the way he had come.

Hannibal doesn't see Will for a month, though he hears whispers of the Wendigo's presence in the woods. Animal control was called at the request of Jack, adding to Will's pile of bodies. Each more brutal than the last as if Will got angrier and angrier each time he killed. One night Hannibal is startles by the heavy sound of hooves though it was a single step, then the drag of a hoof, almost as if it was limping. He finds Will in his patient study. The Wendigo stands for only a moment before falling to the floor with a sickening thud. Hannibal rushes to him.

"Will... Will, you need to tell me what happened."

The Wendigo groans then gurgles in pain, he was injured and bleeding out on Hannibal's carpet. With his strength, Hannibal turns Will onto his back, the inhuman having been shot thrice in the abdomen, once in the shoulder, and another just barely grazing his neck, too close to a shot that just might have killed him, though Hannibal wasn't quite sure it could. There was only one exit wound, which meant that he would have to dig out the bullets. Will lets out another hurt sound and Hannibal doesn't need to ask anymore questions.

"Hanniba--urgh..." Will groans as Hannibal leaves quickly to get his first aid bag, which had everything from band-aids to scalpels. He's not even angry that Will's black blood had ruined the carpet, it needed to be replaced anyway. He finds the bag and rushes back to Will who has closed his eyes, slowly loosing consciousness. Hannibal slaps him and Will would have ripped him in half if he wasn't in so much pain. Will was barely conscious and his eyes glazed over.

Hannibal gives the Wendigo strong anesthetics, three times the normal dose for human's and Will was still awake, barely conscious. Will hisses as Hannibal pulls the bullets from the

wounds. Awake but not quite conscious Will breathes heavily and slowly, in no pain now.

"Will..." Hannibal whispers, "Tell me what happened."

Will swallows dryly and looks to Hannibal. "He shot me. I was going to eat and he-- They saw me, Hannibal. He saw my face. He'll kill me. They'll kill me..." Will's tone went from slow to panicked in seconds, he clutched Hannibal's arm tightly. Will falls back, loosing consciousness. A pank of worry it Hannibal until he felt Will's pulse and could see his heavy breathing. Will's form shrinks to that of a human's though he stayed in the same form. Hannibal pick Will up, who groans loudly. Hannibal would have to find the man responsible for Will's pain. He places Will in the guest bed and covers him, Will almost seems human.

He leaves the Wendigo alone to go hunting, following the scent of Will's blood back to the woods. Then he catches the scent of adrenaline and gun powder. Hannibal grins, he's found his prey and he's not that far away.

Wake mei monstrum

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stirs to the smell of food, or more specifically meat. It smelled all to good. He wanted to sit up but everything hurt. He manages to slide himself to rest against a pillow. He smooths his hands over the sheets, all too nice for a creature like him. He didn't like being treated like this... it was too nice. He snaps up to the creak of the door. It was Hannibal with a tray in hand, Will's stomach churned, not just in hunger but unknowing of why Hannibal treated him this way. It made him angry.

"Good morning, Will." Hannibal smiles clinically. Will doesn't know how to reply, he's in pain and at a loss for words. Hannibal sits down next to him and sets the trey down on the night stand. He picks up the bowl and a spoon.

“Silkie chicken in a broth,” Hannibal presented. “A black-boned bird prized in China for its medicinal values since the seventh century. Wolfberries, ginseng, ginger, red dates, and star anise.”

Will snorts, "You made me chicken soup."

Hannibal pauses and the clinical smile fades to a sincere amused one. "Yes."

He spoons some up to Will's lips, though the action is unfamiliar, Will eats. "How long was I out?" He asks as he chews.

"Only a few days." The doctor replies. And watches as everything comes flooding back to Will. "You don't need to worry about the hunters... I did your work for you." Hannibal interjects before Will has time to say anything. He spoons another bite into Will's mouth.

"I thought this 'chicken' tasted scared." The Wendigo hums. He's relieved. He's starving right now though, this wouldn't be enough to satisfy, even for a little while. Will looks to Hannibal who is staring at him intently. "What?"

"You've got acute taste, not what I was expecting from..."

"--Something as brutish as me?" Will finishes.

"Mmh... to put it bluntly." Hannibal sighs.

"At least you're honest."

"If I am being honest, Will... I was worried." The vampire says and Will stares at him wide eyed. They knew barely anything about each other and each time Will saw Hannibal his stomach turned and jumped, hungry but not in the way it normally was. He doesn't reply and looks down at the sheets, away from Hannibal. He needed to leave, his stomach was doing it now. Torturing him with the stare, Hannibal fed Will more until it was gone.

"Why do you treat me this way?" Will asks as Hannibal cleans up and checks Will's wounds that are almost healed though only externally.

"In what way are you referring to?" Hannibal asks as he wraps Will's wounds.

"Like I'm something fragile. Like I'm civilized. Like I'm--"

"Human is the word that you're looking for." Hannibal interrupts and looks Will directly in his baby blue eyes. Will looks away quickly.

"Human..." Will snorts sarcastically. "I haven't been human in over a hundred years..."

"I haven't been human in two millenniums." Hannibal compares, "And though I may not have very much humanity left in me... You have empathy, humanity. That's why you don't look anyone in the eye."

"No, that's--"

"It is entirely true, you assume your pray's point of view you feel the fear when you look at them, that's why you don't."

Will roars in anger and he's standing now, holding Hannibal above the ground by his sweater, full formed more than just two heads taller than Hannibal. He's staring directly at Hannibal and he feels nothing. No fear, not even a glimmer of regret. Will pants in pain and rage.

"I don't understand you..." Will growls.

"In all hopes, I hope you soon will." Hannibal replies. Will drops him and nearly slides across the wood floor. He falls to his knees. He didn't want to be human. Being human meant that he couldn't eat, meant he had to feel guilt and he always did, no matter how he looked on the outside. Guilt and power... they contrasted in him like a civil war. He holds his head in his hands and he starts to laugh. He needs time. He needs to leave here and he does. He walks out of the house as if nothing happened, leaving Hannibal alone for now. He needed to kill something, he needed to know if what the vampire says is true and he has to look at his prey this time.

Once again, Will leaves Hannibal for an indiscernible amount of time. Each killing more ravenous than the last, indicating Will's anger. The last is too artistic as if to mock Hannibal. Glass used as wings on the ground, it could only be seen from a high point of view. Maybe treating Will as if he would break was not a good idea, but it has made the Wendigo realize his true nature, his true purpose. He arrives back at his home late at night on a very cold evening, it was snowing lightly now. Winter was here now to freeze over everything, this mean it would slow Will's meals to a mere stand still. He walks to his study and he can see a large figure standing in front of the large window of his office.

"Hello, Will." Hannibal greets.

"Hello, Hannibal." The Wendigo replies and turns to look to the doctor. His eyes glowed through the door and the streetlights outlining his silhouette.

"Are you angry with me?" The vampire asks.

"I was."

"And now?" Hannibal asks and switches on the lights.

"I don't know." Will replies and stares at Hannibal, the Wendigo looking his directly in the eyes, which was beyond unusual. "I didn't know what to do so I took my anger out on my meals..."

"I noticed... and the message you left me?"

"Yes..." Will huffs a small laugh. "You speak through your victims... I tried to as well. I don't have a flare for the dramatic it would seem. I didn't quite know what I was doing."

"I could see that."

Will grunts and walks to Hannibal looking down on him, "It was meant as an apology but... it seems you don't want it." There was a hint of joking in Will's tone and Hannibal can hear it.

"Have you realized that your empathy isn't weakness?" The vampire asks.

The Wendigo doesn't reply.

Chapter End Notes

IT IS FAR FROM OVER PEOPLE, I JUST NEED MORE STORY! I PROMISE NOT TO KILL JACK THOUGH. NO MATTER HOW MUCH OF A DICK HE HIS I WON'T. ALANA IN THE NEXT CHAPTER...maybe?

Nativitas Monstro

Will healed well and quickly. His kills had lessened since living under Hannibal's care and cooking. Still, another killer roamed loose and was believed human, though the Wendigo knew. Hannibal walks in every so often with a bag, 'choice cuts' of meat inside wrapped in newspaper as if a butcher himself had wrapped them.... well a butcher did wrap them, just not the one a human would expect. Will could smell it easily, the blood on Hannibal's skin and that ridiculous smell of plastic. A suit Hannibal insisted on wearing so he wouldn't dirty his clothes, as stupid as Hannibal insisting on wearing a suit while he killed.

Hannibal walks in this time with a large piece. A but, a shoulder, fatty from what Will can smell, and it's what he likes. He rises from his usual spot, which was in front of the couch watching television and walks carefully on the carpet. If he had set foot on wood floor again, he'd fall again and Hannibal would have to help, it was angering that there was one thing Will couldn't be independent from. He makes his way to the kitchen where the carpet stops just at the entrance, a deterrent Hannibal has used to keep Will from snacking or eating his ingredients, so far it has worked.

"Hello, Will." Says the Vampire.

"Hello, Hannibal... is there a reason why you got such a fat 'pig'?" Will asks and Hannibal looks up at Will with that sly clinical smile he always held. He then set everything down and dug around in his coat pocket, he pulls out a document, or a print of one. "I believe I've found a record of your life before." He says.

"Befo--" Will stops himself and the sound of cracking bones fills his ears. He's human like and he pads into the kitchen to snatch the paper from Hannibal, the vampire holds it out of his reach, given his human form is smaller than Hannibal. Will growls anticlimactically and continues to grab at it until he's at Hannibal's chest. Will doesn't care about proximity, he just wants to know. He wants to know who he was, what his last name was, if he had a family, and what he may have done to them.

"Will, you'll have to ask for it. If you did this to anyone else, taking things from them... they would think you very rude." Hannibal raises a brow at the Wendigo and Will glared back. He takes an angry step back and holds out his hand. He's not used to being human and Hannibal has continued to coax him to come outside the home and into the human world instead of the forests where he was so accustomed. Will felt like a pet being trained, he hated it. He decides not to ask for the paper and withdraws his hand, he's free to make his own choices instead of Hannibal forcing him to act like a damn puppy. He comes back from his thoughts and Hannibal has Placed the paper in his hand without Will even asking. "But... I will let this pass, since it's so important." Will stares up at Hannibal, confused. He doesn't say anything and just walks out of the kitchen, he has a knot in his stomach. Did he really want to read this? ... A better question would be if he could read, how hilarious that sounded. He hadn't read in over two hundred years. He sits himself back down on the carpet and he shifts into his more comfortable form. His feathers stand on end and flutter outward. He unfold the paper and begins to read, slowly but he is able.

"C...S...Citizen document." He reads aloud but quietly.

William Hennry Graham

DOB: 11/21/1805

Hair color: Brown

Eye color: D. Blue

And there he was, a sketched picture of him, dark curls in his face and tired eyes.

There's more but Will can't read it, not because he had difficulty reading the document but for the first time in two hundred years he was sure he was on the verge of crying. The document is crumpled in his hands and his gripping it so tight, he just hopes it doesn't rip, then something black as ink drops to the paper and Will panics. He quickly wiped the paper with his thumb, it spreads but it's no longer too dark to see the words that it covered. It has stained the paper though. Will sets the paper beside him as more drops wall into his palms. He knows he's crying, he just wanted to deny it. He wiped his eyes, hard, trying to will the tears away. Why was he crying? This wasn't him, was it? He feels a soft yet callused palm on his shoulder and he tenses. He peaks up from his hands to see Hannibal just looking at him. "Stop looking at me!" Will nearly yells. There was no sympathy, maybe Hannibal enjoyed making Will suffer. Will growls savagely and wipes his eyes again as more tears run down his face. When he looks up again, Hannibal really is looking at him sympathetically. Could he really switch so quickly between the mask he wore as a human and the monster that Will knew? Will then feels Hannibal's other hand on his cheek and Will is shaking. "Stop touching me." He says without conviction. He wanted Hannibal to stop, but there was comfort in those touches that he didn't want to loose.

"Will, look at me." Hannibal says and lifts Will's face to look at his own. "I did not bring this document to make you sad or pain you. Perhaps I should have thought it through better. I only wished to know more about you and I thought, mayhaps, that you wanted to as well."

"I... I don't think I am sad." Replies the Wendigo. "But... I really can't tell."

"I would hope you're happy, at least a little bit." Hannibal smiles slightly. "And the only reason I brought home such a nice piece was that it would be your birthday today. And if we did the math... You'd be 210 years today."

Will snorts and gently pushes Hannibal's hands away from him. He wipes his eyes again, by now the tears had stopped, but black still rubbed from his face. He hadn't cried in such a long time that he really hoped it wouldn't stain his cheeks. It'd be a dead give away if he was human with such black streaks on his face. "I... suppose I should thank you." Says Will.

"I suppose you should." Hannibal smirks and Will's brow furrows. Hannibal smooths a hand over Will's feathered knee then gets up, walking slowly back to the kitchen. Will gets up after him and silently walks behind Hannibal. Before he sets foot on tile, Will grabs the back of Hannibal's shirt and makes him turn around. He isn't sure how this was really done, but it was a way to satisfy his doubts and thank Hannibal. Before Hannibal says anything. Will rests his

black hands on Hannibal's face and leans down to kiss him. Gently and inexperienced. Hannibal makes no attempt to move away or to further the kiss. It is better that way, if Hannibal had done either, Will would have gone back to is forest. Maybe from embarrassment or maybe from his general unawareness of how much he really needed Hannibal. He pulls back, looks at Hannibal for a second, registering the devilish look behind his eyes and walks back to his place in front of the couch. If it was his birthday today, this was the best gift he'd ever given himself.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!